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MARY SZYBIST

Annunciation: Eve to Ave

The wings behind the man I never saw.
But often, afterward, I dreamed his lips,
Remembered the slight angle of his hips,
His feet among the tulips and the straw.

I liked the way his voice deepened as he called.
As for the words, I liked the showmanship
With which he spoke them. Behind him, distant ships
Went still; the water was smooth as his jaw—

And when I learned that he was not a man—
Bullwhip, horsewhip, unzip, I could have crawled
Through thorn and bee, the thick of hive, rosehip,
Courtship, lordship, gossip and lavender.
(But I was quiet as a doll, quiet
As eagerness, that astonished, dutiful fall.)